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THE NEW-YORK EVENING TIMES

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TIMES,

THE SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS,

New-York Daily Times.

THE CANADA'S MAILS.

LORD RAGLAN AND THE LONDON TIMES.

INEFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA

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Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Daily Times.

LONDON, Friday, Jan. 5, 1855.

THE new year is already five days old, and people are nearly done congratulating acquaintances on inheriting their letters. However, we have to do still with matters from the late year, and our news from the Crimea has yet only reached Christmas day, which, according to the Times, was to witness the beginning of a 40 hours' bombardment. You must not take this piece of intelligence on good de la Jump. The results of Prussian House-cleaning wanted to give some extensive New-Year's gift to its patrons, and set it ready up in a few starry-rather a Christmas tale—from materials of assimilation, based partly on long unanswered presentations, and partly on the probable consolidation of the mud-sea around Sebastopol, on or about the 25th of December. There is absolutely no other foundation for the predicted sounds, which may or may not take place, just as circumstances will decide it. People can, moreover, not so exclusive now about matters for the Crimea as above three in Vienna. Peace is the everybody's mouth through the papers in Government or Russian interest, which, so far as our feet goes, is pretty much the same, affect to treat it as inadmissible. I need you a separate letter on that matter, and as I shall not dwell upon it here. We have now come tolerably correct information about that famous Conference of the 19th ult. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, says the *Monitor*, "having demanded to enter into negotiations on the basis of the four guarantees, the three Courts conferred together to address an identical reply to the Russian Plenipotentiary, which testifies the perfect solidarity of their interests and the complete correctness of their views." To be sure it does. They all wish for peace, and would be happy to get out of the mess. Don't you admire the unselfishness of an ally like Austria? The Western Powers have hardly shaken hands with her, when lo! the "Russian Plenipotentiary" is announced at the very residence of Lord WESTMORELAND, who happened to be sick, poor man. "What reasons can this man have," would ask TALLEYRAND, "to be ill?" "*Faites entrer*, by all means," was the courteous reply, and the Czar's money was received "in perfect solidarity of their interests." And when they were all seated, they exchanged not only their views but also their notes. There was, to be sure, some huskiness displayed on the part of the noble Lord, and some polite remarks observed on the part of the French Baron; but Austria was there again, as *Deus ex machina*, and GORTSCHAKOFF's note, containing the Czar's comments on the four points, has, at her friendly intervention, been accepted *à titre de renseignements*,—so they call in diplomacy that manner of receiving with an apparent reluctance a very much coveted piece of stolen goods. "It is not sterling silver, and besides, I don't care for it," says the honest pawnbroker. "Oh, never mind that—I give it for what you please to take it; let us value it as Britannia silver, and lend me what you like," says the knight. And coexistence is satisfied on both sides. The allies swore not to make any proposals to Russia, but they could not refuse to consult with her Envoy, who came arm in arm with their best friend and honest mediator. Where there is a will there is a way. The Western Powers had the will, and GORTSCHAKOFF has been shown the way. And now it appears—so we are informed—that the views taken by Russia of the four points, though slightly differing on a few minor details, are nearly the same as those of all the rest. You see this goes like an express train—60 miles per hour—and Peace may arrive at the same time as DUNDAS, who is on his way home. There is, however, a great anxiety lest some accident should provoke a collision, and throw all the work the whole busy clique. Crimea in the great impediment willfully placed on the rails of progressing negotiations, and a dreadful suspense is felt in all peaceable circles. *How to get out of the Crimea.* This is the question of to-morrow, and many ask it even to-day, though only in a whisper. Why, really, we would make a bargain with the Emperor NICHOLAS,—why should he not drive the Turks at Sebastopol into the sea, while we are doing the south side of Sebastopol? Military honor would be then satisfied, and we could treat from height to height, from North to South, and conclude an armistice on equal terms of course *pour cet*. By-the-bye, there may happen something like this.—If not to Sebastopol, at Kupatoria. I am moreover assured, and on very good authority too, that the Czar having sent his thanks and admiration to his army in the Peninsula, augmented them with his resolution to put himself at their head early in the Spring, if peace should not be restored before then. At the same time, he ordered them to defend Sebastopol, which *must not fall*, to the last man. The mission of Mr. URQUHART is useless of best little. But I can assure you that *it is not a failure*. Prussia will have her special treaty, or will join an entirely different one. Austria will be content with the four points, and not expected to resume service during the Winter was very much greater; there was a want of guns, of mortars, of shot, of shells, of tools, of materials to make huts—of everything, whatever we necessary but merely to offensive or defensive operations, but to mere existence; and for many was disappearing or only sustained by daily reinforcements, not because it was in the face of an enemy, but simply as it would in the heart of winter, for want of all things by which life is supported. We cannot glance over the letters before us without discovering more and more confirmation. As for the soldiers, poor fellows! they know their own wants, and that is all they can tell. The officers either look death in the face, and resolve to stay on, despising hunger as some professor of abstinence, ashamed of a service which refuses full play to the exercise of courage and skill. The medical officers, as all perhaps, were professionally their own friends of the sanitary parties before March. Everybody of any rank and means quite shocking, but their country or interference, but their despots. Meanwhile, Lord RAGLAN had unwisely been seven months the battle of Inkermann. There was a general belief that we was not know the state of things, that he felt himself wholly unequal to amend it, and that he accordingly kept out of sight the ills he could not remove.

Unfortunately for the credit of those in command, but fortunately for truth and the general interests of this country, there existed the means of ascertaining how far this frightful disorder was inseparable from the danger of the expedition, the situation of the army, and the climate; and how far it was the result of mismanagement. There was the French army, nearly twice the number, hard by. Here all was different. The men were still well fed, and well looking, not the skeletons and scarecrows to which our own countrymen have dwindled; they were well clothed, and retained even some cleanliness of uniform, while our soldiers were creeping about with haybands round their feet, and in great coats that scarce held together; their huts were generally up and weather-tight; they had plenty of food, with the command even of luxuries; they had a sufficiency of weapons and ambulances, with great abundance of mules in good condition; they could lend men to make a road for us, having completed a hard road from their own harbor before the bad weather set in. The contrast prevailed throughout every department, and was brought home to the British soldier in the most painful manner. Thus it was with something between admiration and disgust that the British army, which had not seen anything more than the anatomy of a horse for many a day, and which was obliged to harness forty to drag up one gun, saw the ambulance mules *lent us by the French for the conveyance of our own sick* as well fed and strong as the day they were landed at Gallipoli. Wherever the British come across the French it is to witness the same mortifying contrast, and it is impossible not to draw the conclusion that the French are an army, and the British are not. In all domestic and civil affairs we pride ourselves on our organization, order, neatness, comfort, and abundance of all the materials of health and strength. In the scale of war we are found utterly wanting in these things. It is impossible to check the process of reasoning which refers to the fault of system a difference so marked and so disgraceful. The British soldier cannot but perceive that the Frenchman is commanded by officers who understand their profession, and, what is more, feel a paramount interest in the condition of the common soldier; whereas this cannot be the case in his own army.

But what is to be done? The answer, of course, in some quarters is "Nothing." There are indeed people, and they are without patriotism, who would rather the expedition were wholly unsuccessful, and that the British Isles sank under the ocean, than that one iota of the official system, of patronage, of seniority, and of all that resembles of order, that has kept up the illusion of military strength through a profound peace of forty years, should be rudely swept away or reformed. There are people who would think it a less unhappy consummation of affairs that the Commander-in-Chief and his staff should survive alone on the heights of Sebastopol, decorated, ennobled, daily named in dispatch after dispatch, and ready to return home to enjoy pensions and honors, amid the tears of fifty thousand British soldiers, than that the supremacy of office and the good names of society should be disturbed by a single recall, or a new appointment over the heads of those now in command. These people, of course, assume that success is no test of energy and skill, or that energy and skill are of no importance in the conduct of an army, which in war, as in peace, is only a Government organ for the advancement of the aristocracy and the support of the Ministry for the time being. We protest most solemnly against this view of our army, or any other view, except the simplest possible one, —that an army is an organ for the defence of a country against its enemies, and the maintenance of its interests and honor, and should, at every reasonable cost of money and of feeling, be made as effective as possible. We will not admit that that which has been must continue to be, or that the present working of the army in its higher ranks has at all justified its management for the last forty years, even though the name of the Great Duke be cited in favor of it. No. If the wreck of the army, if the honor of our country, if the great cause at stake, if the position of the British empire, are to be saved, it must be by throwing overboard, without a day's delay, all scruples of personal friendship, of official punctilio, of aristocratic feeling and courtly subservience, and immediately putting experience, ability, energy, and *merit, even in their roughest* and most unpalatable forms, in the conduct, and even at the head of *affairs. There* can be *no interest* greater than that of the whole common weal, for with its downfall every other must sink to a common destruction. So no reason can be given, and no excuse will be admitted, against immediately superseding in their commands those who have proved themselves to be incapable of performing the duties to which favor, seniority, or mistake has advanced them. After all, it is no disgrace to a man that he does not possess the genius of a WELLINGTON or even of a HILL. But it is a crime in a War Minister to permit an officer to remain for a single day in the nominal discharge of duties the neglect of which has brought a great and victorious army to the verge of ruin.

Attack of the Times on Lord Raglan.

From the United Service Journal, Jan. 1.

The public mind, "that very fiery particle," had a narrow escape of being "snuffed out" by an article in the *Times* of Saturday last, Dec. 30. The leading journal has been lately seized with a morbid antipathy to everything connected with the siege operations before Sebastopol. The antipathy dates from the sudden appearance of the Foreign Enlistment bill without due notice being given to the *Times* of the Ministerial intentions, and it also hinted that coevally with this piece of official reserve came the news that the cold shoulder had been given to "our own correspondent" in the Crimea. Happily, the article which was intended to arouse popular feeling missed fire. People did not echo the cry that everything was badly conducted in the Crimea, and that Lord RAGLAN wanted accessibility, and "Head, head, head." They simply asked themselves what all this hubbub was about—what the *Times* meant—*what was the cause of so singular* an outbreak—what was there behind the scenes? The leading journal saw it had made a mistake, and became as suddenly silent as it had previously been spontaneously vociferous. Altogether the exhibition was unfortunate—anything but creditable to the chief member of the British Press.

We do not suppose that the onslaught will be repeated; but lest there should be a second edition of the attack, it may be as well to put on record that the allegation that Lord RAGLAN keeps himself entirely out of sight of the officers and men, and is unfit for the high task entrusted to him, is very remote from the truth. Our cotemporary has been entirely misinformed. We grant that the British commander is not quite so much the companion of his subordinates as Gen. CANROBERT, and that he does not ride from place to place with the rapidity which used to characterise the Duke of WELLINGTON in the heyday of his manhood; but we should like to know whether there is any affinity between British and French soldiers—whether *camaraderie* now deemed so necessary is quite compatible with the relative positions of officers and men—whether, in a word, advantage would not be taken of the familiarities so strongly inculcated? The French soldier, in the most familiar intercourse with his officer, never forgets what is due to superior rank—a Colonel may, with impunity, take his cigar or a *fumeur's* pipe. The British soldier, on the other hand, is prone to misinterpret the courtesy of a subaltern; his obedience and love are best secured by his being kept at a reasonable distance. That Lord RAGLAN is not "Jack and Tom" with his subordinates, may therefore be admitted; but that he shuts himself up, and is nearly among them, the following paragraph from the correspondence columns of the *Morning Post*, published only three or four days since, sufficiently disproves:

"On Tuesday Lord RAGLAN did the meritorious of the staff [illegible] day when some of the British army yesterday. A devoted descending rain of the previous night, as new occupants of the trenches, in its true colors. His sensibility to their responsibility, and asked many questions even of private soldiers where he saw anything about."

We can easily believe that Lord RAGLAN does not move about as the Duke was wont to do, and there is good reason for his comparative quietude. In the first place, there is no occasion for such activity, and in the second, he is a much older and more infirm man at 70 than the Duke was at 40.

To resume the "grumble" complete, an insinuation was thrown out that Sir JOHN BURGOYNE was [illegible]—Sir JOHN BURGOYNE!—the first engineer of his age! Most quintessentially, the assertion was contained by a reference to the failure of the [illegible] before Burgos—an undertaking in which the great captain acted in opposition to his engineers, and frankly and freely took upon himself the blame of failure! Wherever BURGOYNE was employed success ensued!

After this we suppose our cotemporary will abstain from attempts to fill the public mind with distrust and despair, and encourage us to hope for the best in spite of the skyey influences.

The Times and Lord Raglan.

From the London Daily News, Jan. 1.

Lord RAGLAN has an army under his command composed of the bravest of the brave. But its numbers are inadequate to the task in hand, and the military system of Great Britain does not supply additional levies of seasoned soldiers with the requisite celerity. In addition to this, all the auxiliary services of the army are in a state of imperfect organization. Every department is left to do everything within itself, and some of them are denied the means. The Admiralty hold that it is their function to supply fighting vessels, not transports; the Horse Guards, the Ordnance, the Commissariat, have each its own separate transport service. There is no cooperation among them, no subordination to a common head. This state of affairs must be taken into account when the operations of our Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea are criticised.

The consideration suggests a question of great practical moment, which we do not remember to have heard asked by any one: What is the extent of Lord RAGLAN's authority as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea? At the outset of our seven years' war in the Peninsula our army there was in as imperfect a state of organization as that which we have now in the Crimea. The war dragged, and the fortune of war shifted and changed, until circumstances invested WELLINGTON with absolute and unrestrolled command over every department of the army. Not until this was conceded to him could even his military genius make itself fully felt. Has Lord RAGLAN such complete authority? Has he the power to enter into negotiations for supplies from any quarter? Is he authorized to remove the incompetent and promote the deserving? Can he call upon any man or department to do what is necessary without a chance of his being put off with the excuse that what he asks is the business of some other functionary or office? With a service so incompletely organized as ours, such extensive authority is indispensable to the General. In order to make our army what it obviously is not yet, but what it may and must be if anything worthy the national note of preparation is to be achieved, the Commander-in-Chief requires to have the power to break through the ordinary regulations. There is ample valor and ample talent in our army, but its General must have the power to link it into shape. If Lord RAGLAN has not the same wide range of authority that was entrusted to the Duke of WELLINGTON he must have it before he can do himself and his army justice; if he has such authority, and does not, or cannot, avail himself of it, a man must be found who can.

There is no doubt that the exaggerated strain in which the *Times* speaks of the sentiment of our army in the Crimea is unwarranted by facts. There is as little doubt that one object of the remarkable is to disgust the country with the war. But this insidious and un-English policy can only be counteracted by unmasking the undeniable defects of the existing army organization. The nation is engaged in a struggle from which it cannot retire honorably, nor indeed safely, unless with victory. The experience of many a former war tells us that the courage and endurance of the nation has always proved adequate to compensate for oversights and mistakes committed at the beginning. And so it will prove on the present occasion.

Fierce Onslaughts on the Army.

From the London Times, Jan. 1.

Could it be proved to everybody's satisfaction, or rather to everybody's grief, that matters are as bad as they are on the Crimea, or even very much worse, there nevertheless exists a certain fatal prepossession adverse to any active form of *our incurable national self-complacency*. Are we not the two most civilized powers of Europe, ourselves the wisest and best, if not also the bravest of the two, fighting against the most barbarous power? Is not Russia a nation governed by a despot, assisted by tools, by means of whom, the knout, conscriptions, Siberia, forced contributions, martial law, and a system of brutalities from which even the highest nobility is not secure? How is it possible but that the free genius of our own favored country should prevail, under all circumstances whatever, against a form of society so low that it may be called abhorrent to human nature itself? May we not be sure that, even if things are bad enough with us—worse-looking possibly from our comparative innocence of war—they are, in reality, still worse with the Russian army, and that even in this fatal struggle with climate, with Winter, with storm, and with famine, we are beating the Russian, or must eventually beat him? Now, in this great depreciation of the foe, and in the particular reason for this depreciation, lie our principal danger. We despise Russia for the very reason that we ought to fear her. We hold ourselves vastly her superior for a point on which we ought rather to take a lesson from her. She is a barbarous power. Grant it; and a purely military power. Her system is worked with a rod of iron. The Czar treats her nobles as they do their serfs. Generals are sent to Siberia or reduced to the ranks; governors of cities are sentenced to work on the roads; nobody knows whose turn may come next, or how terrible it may be. It is a crime to be incompetent. For a moment's vacillation the services of a long life are forgotten, and it is rebellion not to understand rightly an order that admits of two constructions. The imperial family itself is not exempt from this iron law. The incompetent heir is put aside, and his partisans disappear. In such a system the hardest metal is a necessity of State. When the instrument once yields, or permits its edge to be turned by the soft compunctions of humanity or personal kindness, it is thrown away. It may be good enough in its place, but will not do the work of the Czar. Such is the quality of the Russian system that we may perhaps hate or despise it, and that we may affect to do so in time of peace, but we cannot afford to do so in time of war, or in any affair that relates to war. We cannot afford to fight with soft iron against hard iron, with foils against naked swords, with holiday pageants against the grim reality, with courtiers against warriors,—in a word, with peace against war. Yet that is very much what we are vainly attempting to do.

It will not be denied that if the Czar, by a personal inspection or otherwise of an army, ascertained it, to be in the condition of our army before Sebastopol, he would instantly put it into entirely new hands. Even were the case not so bad, it will not be doubted that rebukes, peremptory orders and other measures of rigour would soon be heard of, and that every man in the service would be put on his mettle. But, if we want to know how Emperors and great generals manage these affairs, we have an example in the correspondence of NAPOLEON, particularly that with his brother JOSEPH. It was not with good nature that this man conquered half Europe. He instructed, commanded, reproved, rebuked and abused everybody, without any exception. He would have everybody shoot him at his post and up to the mark. He required his Viceroys and Marshals to do as he did and transmit downwards the whips of their chief. If our system be not one of oppression, if we are actually denying ourselves the prizes of conquest, and sacrificing only the human luxuries of justice and humanity, nevertheless the result itself is not in any respect either of that undertaken by NAPOLEON'S SOLDIERS. In attacking Russia we are simply attempting to do what he could not do, to cap his greatest triumphs, and to retrieve his worst failure. This we attempt to do with about one-fifth of his forces, and with the still greater disadvantage of a divided command. To proceed after his disappointment would be almost criminal. If he, then, ever required an iron will, an iron hand, iron instruments, and a whole system of iron, so, indeed, he always did, which more do we. Yet everybody knows that the whole conduct of this expedition, from first to last, has been rather that of an encouragement to Christian than an invasion of the soil of Russia, and an attempt to destroy the strongest power of the strongest man in the world. Ministerial fever, suspense, routine, official punctilios of a hundred kinds, have all been observed in a battle of giants. We are hampered, not by the honorable conditions of the war, bad as they may be, but by the silken bonds of class, clique, and kin. The real administrators of the army are much too kind-hearted to preach against one another, or to give one another unnecessary pain. They are all good fellows, and thought one, if spared speaks true, who should be the very eye of the chief, is almost blind, another never had much capacity, and has no experience; a third is too infirm to appear, except in a carriage; and the staff is otherwise crowded with boardless youths, gone to the Crimea to learn their profession, we are no more likely to hear of any complaints than the vulgar public is to hear the quarrels at a ball at Almack's, or the mishaps of a dinner at Windsor Castle. The Czar is not to be tied within his own dreary continent with such gossamer webs as these. We smile at the Chinese, who defend their empire with paper ramparts, mock steamers, the clashing of swords, and the sounding of gongs; but what will the world say of us should it be found that our army had invaded Russia under a staff as showy and theatrical?

Then we are told it is the duty of every true Englishman to enter the official conspiracy, and help to conceal the true state of things from these twin heroes—the British public and the Emperor of Russia. We are always to regret "an improvement for the better"—reinforcements arriving, supplies getting up, the roads under repair, the Winter clothing coming at last, the weather improving, and something decisive about to be done. What can be the use of attempting to conceal from the Russian Generals what scores of spies and deserters report to them every day? Whatever we happen to know they have known a fortnight before; but, at all events, the people of this country ought to know that such is the mortality and sickness in our army that, though reinforcements are poured in with a profusion utterly unparalleled in history, the army refuses to increase, or to become equal to its position. We shall not now reiterate the reasons which prove that the fault is mainly in the commanders, though, if the excuses made be admitted, and if Lord RAGLAN has really undertaken the same amount of work as the French, with half their force and half their facilities of landing and conveyance, he has committed the capital error of being outwitted by his ally. Never could there be a more fatal defiance than one which admits everything we have said, and adds thereto another charge greater than all the rest put together. For our part, we will not press the indictment so far; we will content ourselves with indicating the great disorganization of the army, and demanding that the most vigorous steps shall be taken to reclaim it, if possible. Let every officer be sent home who is not thoroughly up to his work, and who will not put his whole strength into it. Let reprimands, admonitions and supercessions be sent out. Since Lord RAGLAN sends home no information as to the state of his army and the condition of his men, Government has no choice but to act upon the information conveyed in thousands of private letters, and open to the whole world. With the mass of evidence before him the Duke of NEWCASTLE incurs a most fearful responsibility if he allows a good-natured regard for this man's feelings or that man's connections to prevent the discharge of his plain duty to the army and to his country.

The Commander-in-Chief.

To the Editor of the Standard.

SIR: I have never been, and what is more never intend to be, the admirer of any absent man. Upon idle and worthless "partings" an one ought, and few will, condemn a friend or foe; and so to vilify Lord RAGLAN on no real substantial grounds, who is moreover absent, and has to fight against the sickening influences of the ABERDEEN gang, is most unjust. The Commander-in-Chief may be to blame, or he may not; but let facts, not calumny, determine his fame.

The Premier has a "creature" in the press, a venomous thing that takes malevolent delight in damning absent men, no matter who, no matter why —a cringing thing that Englishmen should spurn and scout, but which they pamper, feed, and glut with reckless patronage—a print for which men thank God in their beds just as though it were a thing to be desired and not loathed.

The Admiral of the Black Sea Fleet was its first prey; afterwards it wakes and finds itself thungered. Then Lord RAGLAN is the next on whom it pounces; and why? Because, so says report, its "own correspondent," not confining himself to the unadulterated truth, the staff has taken the law into their own hands, and treated the representative of Printing-house-square in a manner commensurate with his deserts. That gentleman, like a bear with a sore head, writes home to head-quarters, and upon this a series of "leaders" are prepared, and printed against the Commander-in-chief. Now, Lord RAGLAN is made the daily subject of a dreary diatribe. He ought to be superseded, says one; another is replete with wretched innuendoes; another with "enormous lying;" and merely because the special correspondent of the *Times*, who has befouled both services, is roughly handled in the trenches. People are found who join in this indecent cry against Lord RAGLAN. A "young gent" lately got into a mess for writing crank against an Admiral—a more distressing example was never made of any "mastrop" scribbler. A member of promise has exposed himself to ridicule, and to the sarcasms of the member for West Surrey. I had hoped that young gentlemen was a solitary instance, and that his fate would have acted as a warning; but no sooner is the "muzzle" silenced than a yell is "got up" against Lord RAGLAN. Ask the British public to suspend their verdict; or if he has abused his trust, let him be arraigned before the bar of the House upon *facts*, and not upon worthless calumnies.

I remain, Sir, yours, VINDICATOR.

Neglect in Army Management.

From the London Times, Jan. 2.

At the present moment our poor fellows are perishing before Sebastopol by hundreds from famine, from exposure, and from disease in many appalling forms, while the means of sustenance, of shelter and of remedy, are stored within eight miles from the spot in which this dismal tragedy is being enacted. There is no longer any use in concealing or mitigating the truth; the men are perishing from the want of common forethought upon the part of those who should be responsible for their safety. Fifteen thousand British soldiers in the prime of their strength—in the heyday of life—well-disciplined men, who would not have turned from the face of a human enemy, let him come in what shape he might, have been *laid low by official incompetence* and procrastination at home and in the field. We know of no passage in the annals of even Turkish warfare, which tells of a more complete wreck of human life for want of common foresight, than the accounts we daily receive of the condition of our army before Sebastopol—of the living, and the dead. There is but one set-off against the incompetency of the officers at head-quarters, and that is in the sheer pluck and spirit of the British soldier—of the undinching fearless man who is found dead on the battle-field pierced with wounds—his face to the enemy's line—or in the trenches, where he has perished from hunger, exposure and fatigue.

It is no sufficient answer to tell the country that stores have been forwarded to Balaklava in abundant measure. If the man cannot get at them, and not dying for the want of them but a few miles off, it is obvious that the most important precautions have been neglected. The truth is, that the authorities at home at the outbreak of the war—and although for months they had ample warning of the consequences of their neglect—utterly failed to provide the regiments with the means of transport. Had this war been a conquering one, and the army been gathered together at the commencement of

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New-York Daily Times, Monday, January 23, 1855.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

LOST AND FOUND.

WANTED.

HOUSES, &c. WANTED.

BOARDING.

SUPREME COURT—SPECIAL TERM.

Presentment of the Grand Jury.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.—Jan. 25.
Before Judge Nelson.

The Grand Jury of the Circuit Court also came into the Court this morning and brought their presentment in relation to the loss of the steamer *Arctic* and the ship *New Era*, which has been looked for for a long time back. As will be seen, it also refers to various other matters, such as the Slave-trade, the recommendations of the United States and of the Grand Jury, &c., &c.

The Grand Jury, having been called and answered to their names, handed in their presentment to the Court, and it was then read aloud by the Clerk of the Court, RICHARD E. SCHERWELL, Esq., desired by the Secretary of the Jury, as follows:

PRESENTMENT.

To the Hon. Samuel R. Betts, Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of the State of New-York:

The Grand Jury of the above Court have had no subject before them, during their recent session, of greater importance than that connected with the circumstances attending the loss of the ocean steamer *Arctic*, a casualty involving the destruction of life and property to an almost unprecedented degree, and one in which the sympathies of our people were extended from the first hour toward the friends and relatives of those who were the sufferers in that event. The attention of these Grand Jurors to these facts, however, remained imperatively called to a serious consideration of the circumstances connected with this occurrence, with a view to provide measures against similar casualties in future. The Grand Inquest have, therefore, caused to be brought before them such witnesses as could give evidence pertinent to the casualty itself, and others who, from their nautical experience, were supposed to be competent to suggest preventive action for their consurance.

It appeared from the evidence, that the steamship *Arctic*, of the Collins Line, Capt. J. C. LUCE, left Liverpool on the 20th September, 1854; that on the 26th, a fog was encountered, which continued, increasing in density at intervals, until the 27th; that the ship continued on her last course, at speed, only reversing the usual practice, under like circumstances, under no rule of sight-seeing by the bell, whistles or gun, to signify her position. Previous previous to the disaster, a passenger asked Capt. LUCE if they could see through the fog as far as they could run in three minutes. Capt. LUCE replied, "If you please so." At the time the ship was going, that would be about half a mile.

About 11 o'clock on the night of the 27th, the ship struck on the Reef, and at 12 o'clock, at noon, on the 27th September, the ship was in lat. 35° 45', and long. 49° steering west by compass, in 100 fathoms water, by sheet, and about 60 miles from land, the fog still continuing, and the vessel going at the rate of about 10 miles per hour. At the time mentioned, the man on look-out at his station discovered a vessel approaching, and called out "Hard a-starboard," which was repeated by the officer of the deck, (Mr. BALLHAM,) and answered by the man at the wheel. Almost instantly the collision the *Arctic* was struck about 40 feet from her cut-water on her starboard side, by the bow of a steamer which afterwards proved to be the Prussian screw propeller *Vesta*. As a result of the collision being, as afterwards ascertained, to make in the side of the *Arctic* three holes—two above and one about two feet below the water-mark.

Capt. LUCE, being at the time in his room, and hearing the word, came immediately on deck, together with several of the passengers and crew. The *Vesta* was observed, as she passed, to have her bow carried away, and a large number of people were discovered on her decks. The signal was given to stop the *Arctic*, and the Captain ordered the boats to be lowered. The Chief Mate, Mr. GODDARD, with five or six of the crew, put off in the boat of the *Vesta*. The *Arctic* then went ahead, and called around the *Vesta* two or three times. Some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, when the Chief Engineer reported to the Captain that she was making water very fast and that the boat go ahead, in order to work the bilge-pumps. The order to lower the remaining boats was then countermanded by the Captain, they being, at the time, not partially lowered, and different to clear. Mr. GODDARD, in the boat under his command, was seen making for the ship, when the Captain called to him, saying, "We cannot wait; the ship must go ahead." No more was seen of that boat and crew; and so the *Vesta* was at that time lost in the fog, the conclusion was that she had gone down.

The order was then given to steer northwest for the land, it being supposed that she took could be sufficiently stopped to enable the crew to reach there. The steam-pumps were worked, and all movable things were hauled up on the opposite side of the vessel. This stopped for being let down by rope to ascertain the nature of the injury, reported the hold to be about six or eight feet in one direction, by two in another. By direction of the Captain, the carpenter went below to endeavor to cut away and get at the leak on the inside, but failed to find it. Sails were let down with a view to cover the leak; and it was by some proposed to stop the ship's headway, which was by others opposed, and the latter opinion coming to prevail, the ship went on. Notwithstanding that large iron bars were attached to the sails over the ship's side, with a view to keep them in their place, it was found that from the sharp build of the bows and the natural rush of the water along her sides the design was totally ineffectual. Mr. GRAM a second cabin passenger, with the assistance of Captain LUCE and others, erected a stage over the side of the vessel and with pillows, blankets and mattresses, attempted to stop the leak, but unsuccessfully. At this juncture the forge in the forward hold were required to be out, and a scene of some confusion commenced among the coal passers and firemen, who rushed on deck; being repeatedly ordered by the assistant engineers to return to their duty, they complied, but reasonably, only after penning a note into the upper deck, again returned on deck. The second boat was now prepared for the passengers, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were placed in it, with a few of the hands of the ship, but by some misapprehension in lowering the boat, the rope at one end was let go too soon, and all in the boat but two were lost in the sea. This occasioned great consternation among the passengers, and a diversity of opinion was held among them as to their greater chances of life. Mr. EDWARD SANFORD, one of our most distinguished citizens, expressed his preference for remaining by the ship, rather than linger out a little longer existence in the boat. The ship was at this time going at the rate of about five miles an hour. Soon after Mr. BALLHAM, the third officer, was ordered by the captain to watch the third hatch, and drop; return. He attempted to obey the order, but a number of hands jet themselves down on the cabin and from under the wheel placed themselves in the boat. Observing this, and that the boat was fast being filled to her capacity, the Captain ordered her to be cut loose. At the same time several passengers and hands were, with the Captain's knowledge, filling a boat on the opposite side of the ship; the ship's butcher, who was one of the number, cut the rope unknown to the Captain; the boat left the ship and has not been heard from. Mr. BALLHAM's boat picked up several passengers who had jumped from the ship in the water, and succeeded in reaching this boat before the engineers, when she left. Meanwhile the ship was moving slowly ahead; those in the boat could hear the hail, but the fog prevented a sight of the vessel. Rowing in direction of the second they came in sight of the ship and rent a smaller boat containing seventeen persons; from these seven were taken into BALLHAM's boat, making a total of twenty-six in the latter. After some consideration upon the chances of being of service to those on the ship and upon the prospect of their own safety, it was judged best to make for the land, steering the course that the ship was at most 4 to take before they left. This was Wednesday, September 27, at 9 o'clock P. M. The two boats reached land on Cape Race on Friday morning the 30th. The passengers in the steerage having gone out, the ship was found to be on fire, and at 12 o'clock the chief engineer with hands, under the caution of going to the leak, manned the 5th boat. They remained a moment at the leak, and then left the ship; not having since been heard of, they are supposed to be lost. It was now suggested for the first time to construct a raft, and as many spars as could be found were thrown overboard. Nothing could be obtained to fasten the spars together but a few spikes and some rope yarn. The carpenter having left, they could not find implements to work with. The only remaining boat was on the quarter deck filled with ladies and children, waiting for the ship to go down, thinking that to be their only chance for safety. Mr. DONLAN requested Captain LUCE to assist in constructing the raft. Time elapsed to request them to leave it.

Twenty-five boat hooks were hurriedly sawn, preserving small cake of doors, settees, &c.; others assisted in constructing the large raft. The Captain detained the crew from the boat and ordered that it should lay between the ship and the raft. Mr. DONLAN placed two men in the boat, with oars in their hands, to protect the boat, while the raft was being constructed. The ship at this time, was discovered to be on the point of sinking; a rush was made and the boat was shoved outside the raft, and when the ship went down, the boat, with 21 persons on board, was washed from the raft and paddled away by means of pieces of boards, &c. Another person came from the raft and was taken into the boat, having seventy-six persons on the raft, including ladies.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th when the ship went down. Many were down with her, the only persons saved out of their number or of those who were upon the raft when the boat left being four, namely, Capt. LUCE, Mr. Geo. F. ALLEN, a Frenchman from the Havre, and McCABE a waiter. The vessels which Mr. ALLEN went down with the ship, on rising to the surface, they clung to as a part of the wheel-house, until picked up by the boat of the ship *Cambria*. McCABE also went down with the ship and on rising clung to a door and came to the raft.

All perished in the evening, all had been washed off and drowned. He was rescued the following day. Despair almost followed in the afternoon came in sight of the boat's crew, and rushing for her saw the raft; there were but two persons on it with his arms stretched out, he rescued the lady and with Mr. GRAM took it from her and pushed McCABE from the raft, and rescued about 8 others to safety.

The survivors of those who left the ship in the boat consisted of those who were attending this melancholy service. The Grand Jury examined a number of commanders of steamships and sailing vessels, in order to ascertain, if possible, the best method of providing for the safety of passengers and crews of such vessels, and have come to the following conclusions:

First—That every passenger or sailing vessel should have a boat for every twenty passengers, or 1 also thirty-six tons burden, and that the boats be of such size, with air-tight compartments, as to be capable of containing the number of persons they are intended to carry, when filled with water. That they should be provided with suitable oars, rowlocks, and boat-hooks, and that the name of the vessel to which they belong be painted thereon in large letters.

Second—That every passenger steamer should be under the immediate command of the captain of the ship.

Third—That inasmuch as the loss of the *Arctic* appears to have been occasioned by her very great momentum acquired in the middle of the ocean of ships in steering by compass to sea, or to landward, as to the direction to be pursued by the helm, it is the opinion of these Grand Jurors that in their opinion should be fashioned by machinery, it was stated that by the laws of Great Britain, in a case similar to the above, it would have been the duty of those in command of the *Arctic* to have passed the helm. The Grand Jurors disagree as to the propriety of the course to be pursued in this instance, and it would seem that neither shows having charge of the *Vesta* or *Arctic* were guided by any established rule of conduct suitable to the emergency then presented.

The Grand Jury have extended their examination in regard to emergency passengers. All masters agree that there is more sickness and death in the upper than in the lower between deck emigrant ships, by reason of the air in the latter becoming vitiated and unwholesome, and every ship load that has come to this port has been reported to the Captain that she was making water very fast and that the hand go ahead, in order to work the bilge-pumps. The order to lower the remaining boats was then countermanded by the Captain, they being, at the time, not partially lowered, and different to clear. Mr. GODDARD, in the boat under his command, was seen making for the ship, when the Captain called to him, saying, "We cannot wait; the ship must go ahead." No more was seen of that boat and crew; and so the *Vesta* was at that time lost in the fog, the conclusion was that she had gone down.

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FOR EUROPE

FOR CALIFORNIA

FOR THE SOUTH

SOUTHERN STATES

LEGAL NOTICES

RAILROADS

FINANCIAL

DIVIDENDS

BANK NOTICES

INSURANCE

AUCTION SALES

MEDICAL

COAL

HOTELS

MONTEREY

ZINC PAINTS

PARLOR PLAYING CARDS

The Sun-Dial Gazette.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE

Received at the New-York Daily Times.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Progress of the Pacific Railroad Bill in the House.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS—Second Session.

U. S. senator from New-Hampshire.

Concord, saturday, Jan. 30.

Hon. John S. Wells has accepted the appointment of Associate Justice of the U. S. Senate vice Norris, deceased.

Hon. Jeremiah Mason has been elected U. S. senator from this city.

Boston, saturday, Jan. 30.

The snow caused about 12 o'clock last night, and the weather is very pleasant to-day.

The weather here this morning opened and closed. At noon snow commenced falling, changing into rain about 1 P. M.

Boston, Monday, Jan. 31.

The weather is very pleasant to-day.

New-York, Saturday, Jan. 30.

The weather here is cloudy and unsettled, and the roads are in a bad condition. The markets are dull.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 30.

The weather here is cloudy and unsettled.

Ex-Governor Bell, of Texas, is reported to Central America.

U. S. senator from New-Hampshire.

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Hon. John S. Wells has accepted the appointment of Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, vice Woodbury, deceased.

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Boston, Saturday, Jan. 30.

Cotton—1 bale sold.

Flour—Sales of 5,000 bbls. at 5 dollars for Ohio.

Provisions—Sales of 1,000 bbls. at 1 dollar advance.

Whiskey—Sales of 1,000 bbls. at 1 dollar advance.

Albany, Saturday, Jan. 30.

Flour—Sales of 5,000 bbls. at 5 dollars for Ohio.

Provisions—Sales of 1,000 bbls. at 1 dollar advance.

Whiskey—Sales of 1,000 bbls. at 1 dollar advance.

Mary Watson and members of the choir are to-day rehearsing the new anthem.

Mary Watson is now the only member of the choir who is present on the street.

Only two were from here this morning.

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Bankruptcy—Notice has been given by Charles Dickens, assignee of the estate of Thomas Chapman, a bankrupt